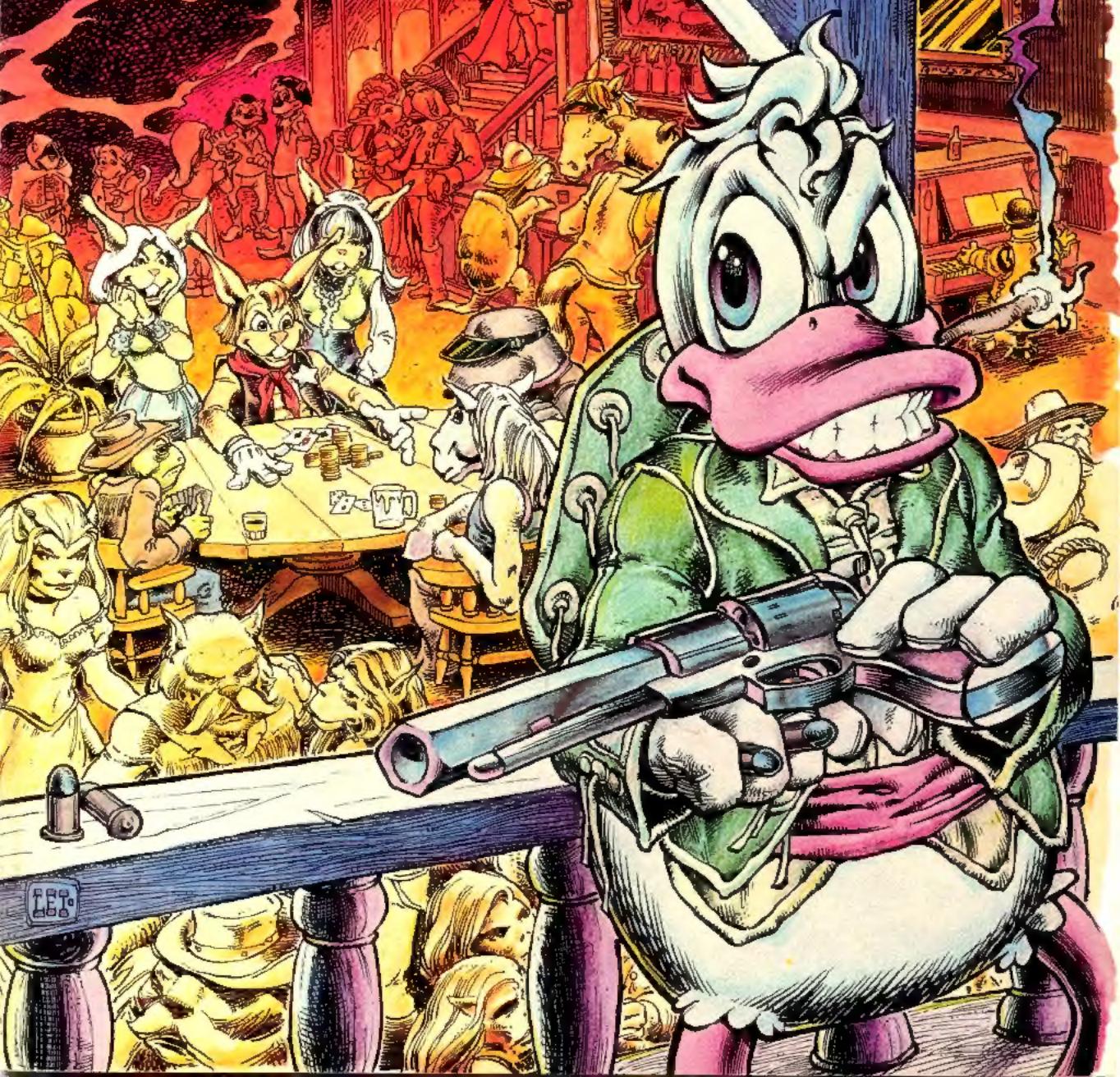


#4

\$1.25

QUACK!

LADIES WELCOME





6 June 1977
Hayward, CA

I'm in a rotten, depressed state these days (see current STAR*REACH No. 9 for a bit more detail) and the less I say out loud the better.

Three things: (1) I am NOT moving to San Diego; (2) due to a big misunderstanding about deadlines (and nobody's fault, really) Scott Shaw's You-All Gibbon story is being delayed an issue; (3) this is "On The Skids" last appearance.

I should have more to say next time. Fortunately I have some foolishness to fill up this page. Here:

SGT
H&S CO., H&S BN, 1ST FSSG
CAMP PENDLETON, CA 92055



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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

HOME ON THE RANGE, RABBIT!

OK, KIDDIES, LISTEN UP!

THIS HERE'S A
STORY OF MY
GREAT-GRANDADDY.
THAT'S HIM UP
THERE IN THE
PICTURE!

STOP
SQUIRMIN',
RACHEL...

THIS IS
HOW HE MET
UP WITH THE
ORNIEST,
BADDEST
QUACK OF
'EM ALL!

THE 'WANTED' POSTERS WERE GOING UP ALL OVER TOWN...

WANTED!

EL DRAKO
DEAD OR ALIVE

RANGER RICK, THIS IS THE
BIRD! I WANT YOU TO FIND
HIM AND **BRING HIM IN!**

HMM...
HE LOOKS
LIKE A
MEAN ONE.
ALL RIGHT!
A REAL
TOUGH
EGG!

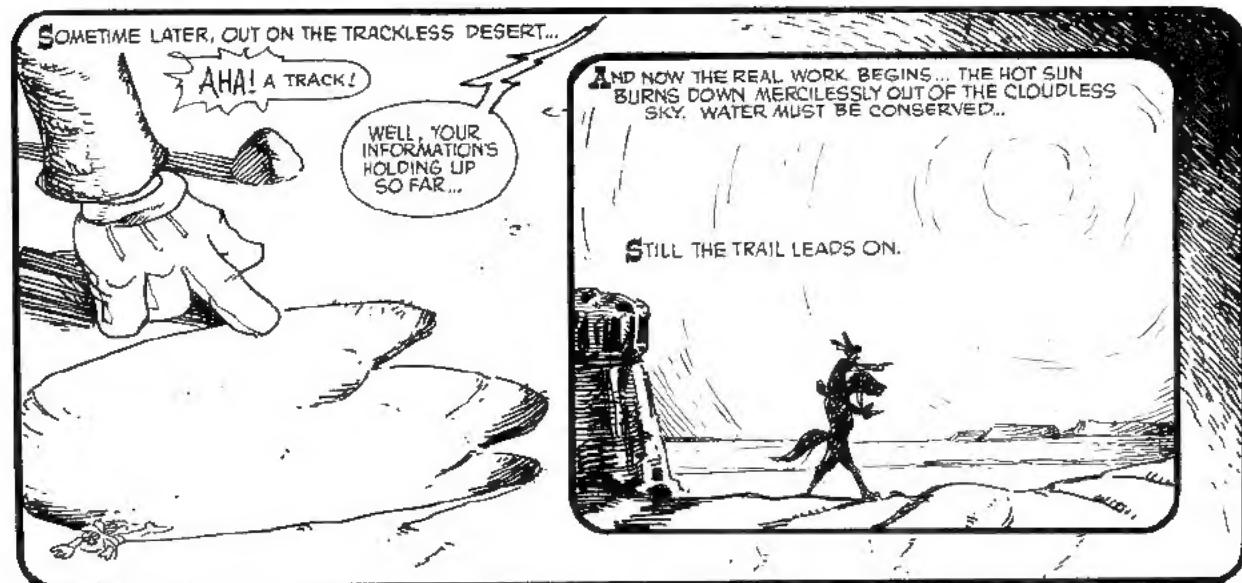
YOU CAN
COUNT
ON ME,
SHERIFF!

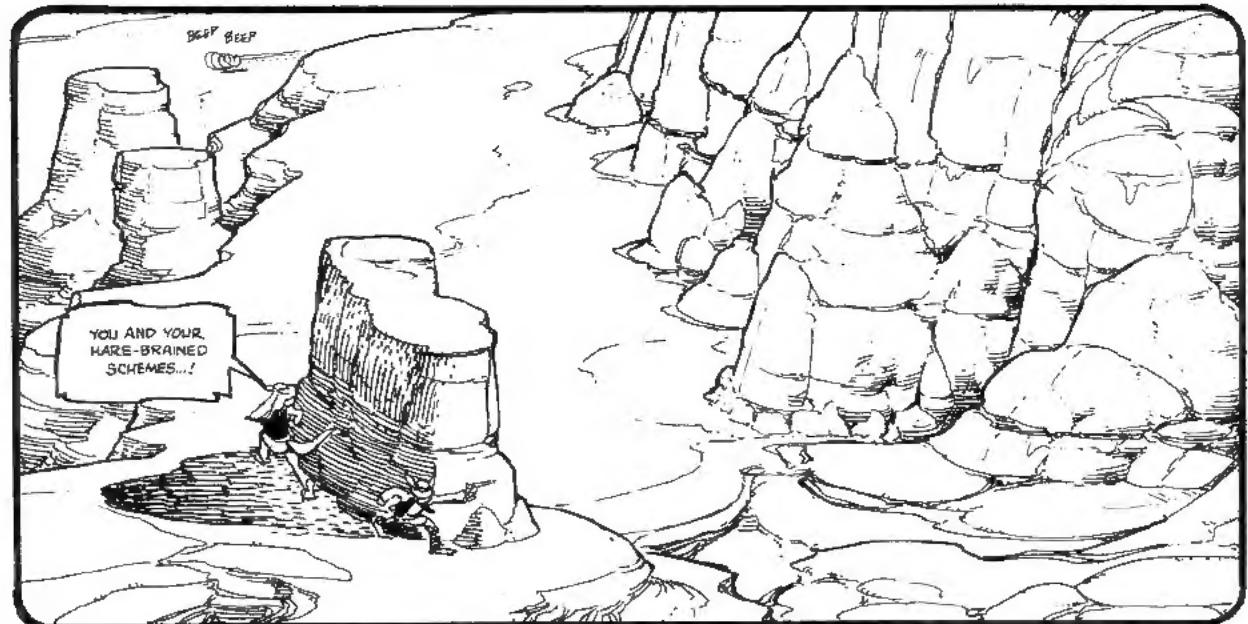
BUT FIRST....

BY

STEPHEN LEIALOHA LETTERS ORZ

©1977 LEIALOHA











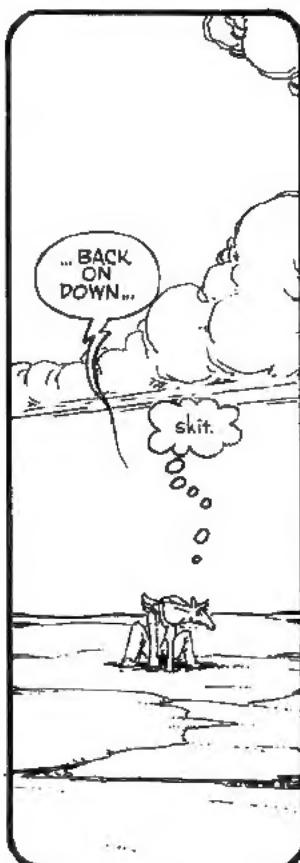
ARE YOU
TRYING TO GET
US KILLED??
CRAZY DUCK!



I CAN'T WAIT
TILL YOU'RE
BEHIND BARS!
YOU'RE A
MENACE TO
SOCIETY!

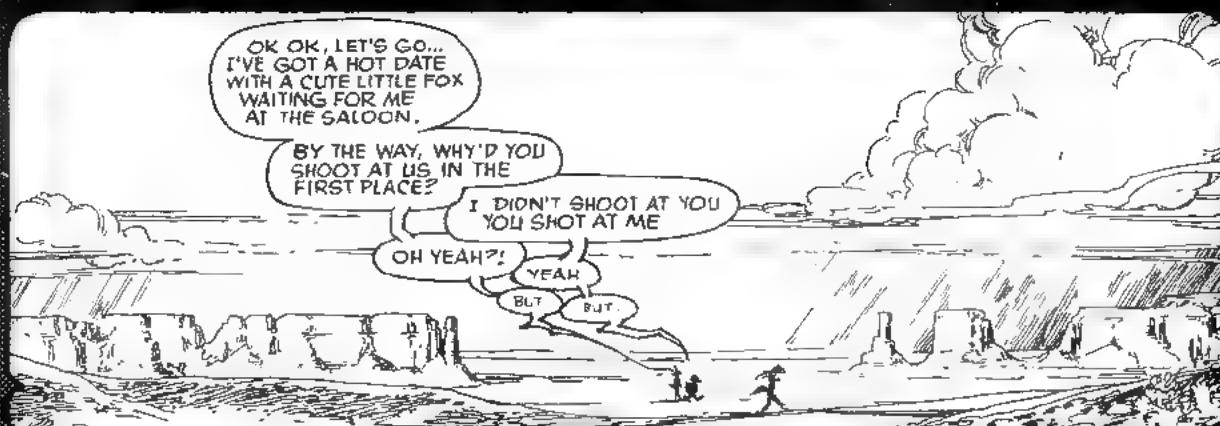
Six!





Meanwhile...





LONE FIGURE MOVES
ACROSS THE WILDS OF
SOUTH WESTERN ONTARIO...

HE IS CLEAR OF **EVE**
AND PURE OF **HEART!** HE IS...

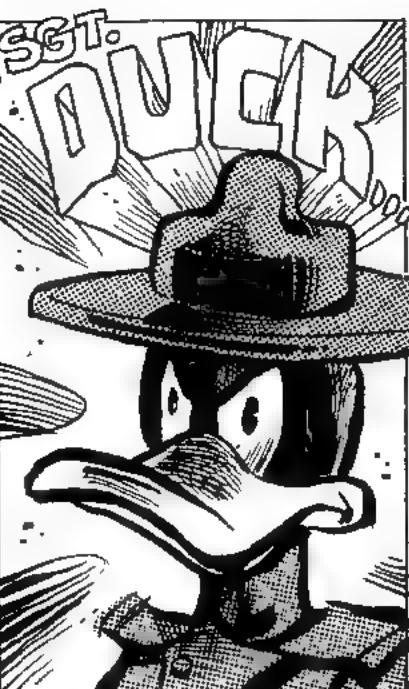
SHOOP SHOOP SHOOP SHOOP

AT LONG LAST... OUR
PATHS CROSS ONCE
AGAIN...

NO DOUBT
HE THINKS HE'S
GIVEN ME
THE **SLIP!**...
BUT...

AHA!

...AS I
SUSPECTED!



THE BEAVERS

"A SEEMINGLY DESERTED CABIN--THE IDEAL HIDE-OUT FOR MY ARCH-FOE, BLACK QUAQUES LEBLANC!"

UNKNOWN TO SGT. DUCK, **BLACK QUAQUES** WATCHES HIS STEALTHY APPROACH



STEREOTYPES! THE TRADITIONAL AMERICAN VIEW! OH, THAT A SON OF MINE WOULD READ SUCH *TRIPE!*



I WAS TRYING TO WATCH *WS*-- WHAT THE *DEVIL* IS ALL THE SHOUTING ABOUT?...



THIS!



IT'S A CONSPIRACY AGAINST OUR SEARCH FOR AN IDENTITY...



DUCK?...

OF THE MOUNTIES...?

I HAD A FEELING I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT CONAN INSTEAD...

**FIRST TELEVISION
-- THEN COMIC BOOKS! WHAT DEVILTRY DO THEY PLOT FOR TOMORROW?**

"STEALTHY APPROACH... THERE IS A SOUND OF GLASS BREAKING..."

WILL NO ONE PUT A STOP TO THIS SUBTREFUGE?



"SHOT RINGS OUT!" NEAT!



THE SNOW BOMB PROTECTION

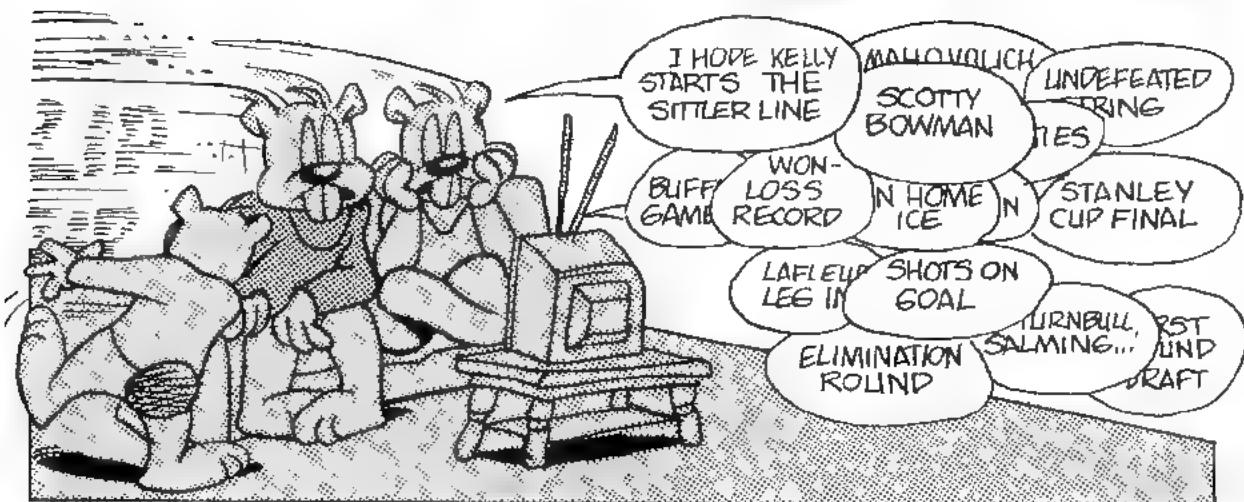
THREE.

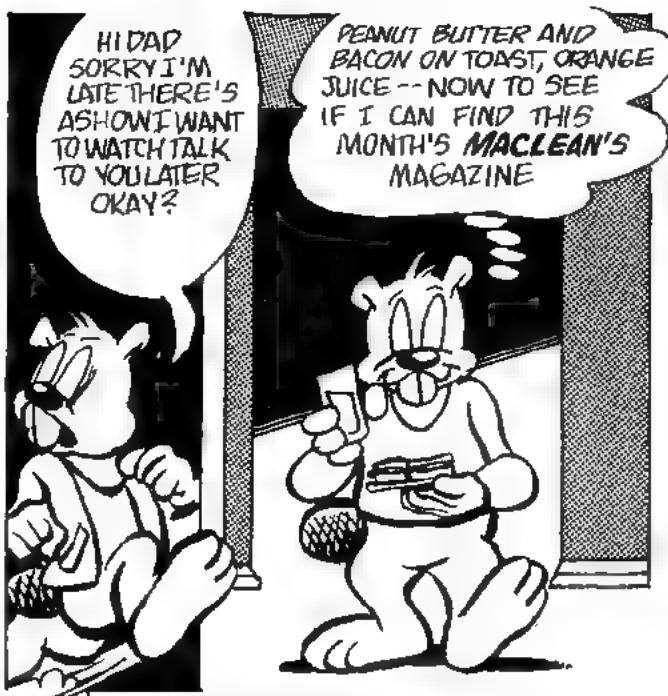


...THE IDEA THAT
WE ARE A DOMINION
OF RUSTIC MORONS
AT THE MERCY OF KNEE-
JERK REACTIONS...

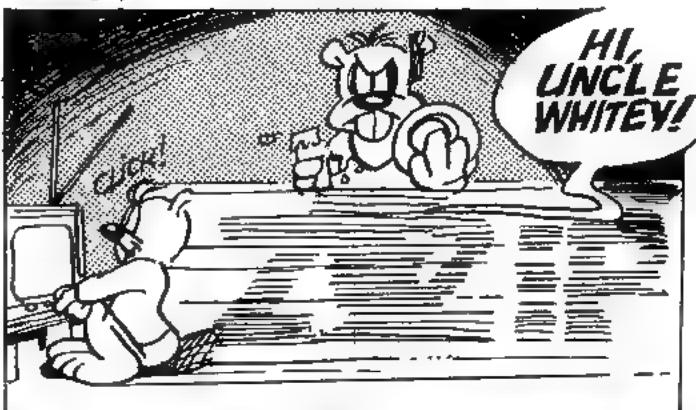


OH-LOOK-A-HOCKEY-GAME
CAN-IT-BE-TRUE-I-THINK-
IT-IS-THE-LEAPS-VS-THE
CANADIENS-AT-THE-FORUM
-IN-MONTREAL...



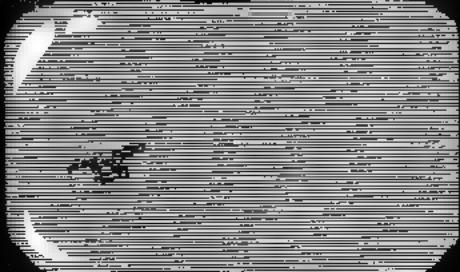
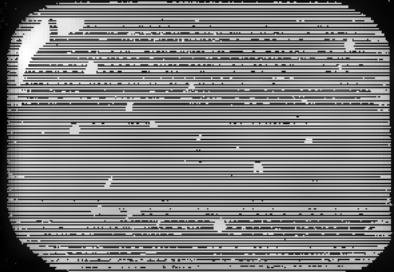


GANGWUW!

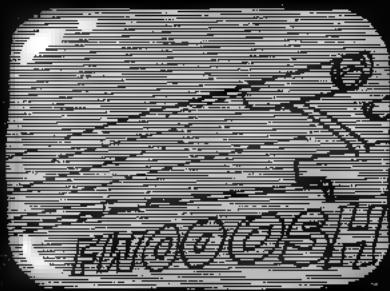


THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF
THE STARSHIP ENTROPIZE

IT'S FIVE-YEAR MISSION, TO EXPLORE
STRANGE NEW WORLDS - TO SEEK
OUT NEW LIFE AND NEW CIVILISATIONS



TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO DUCK HAS GONE BEFORE...

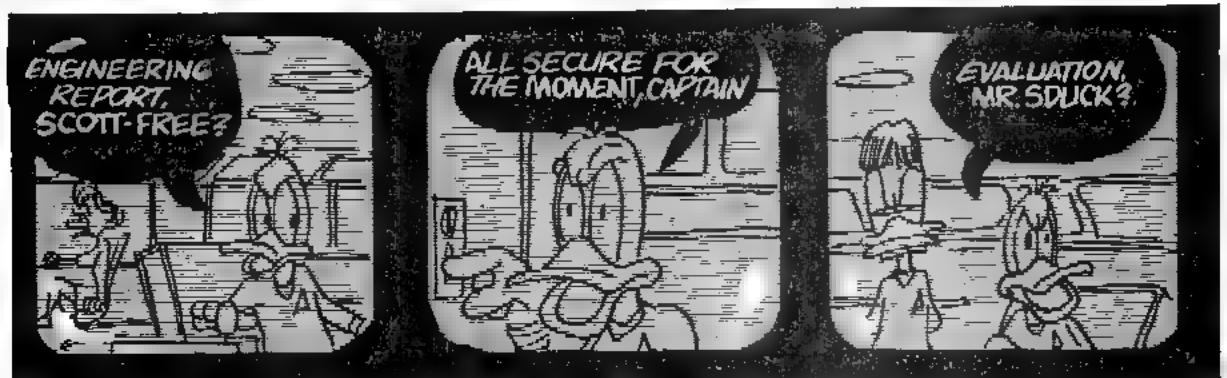
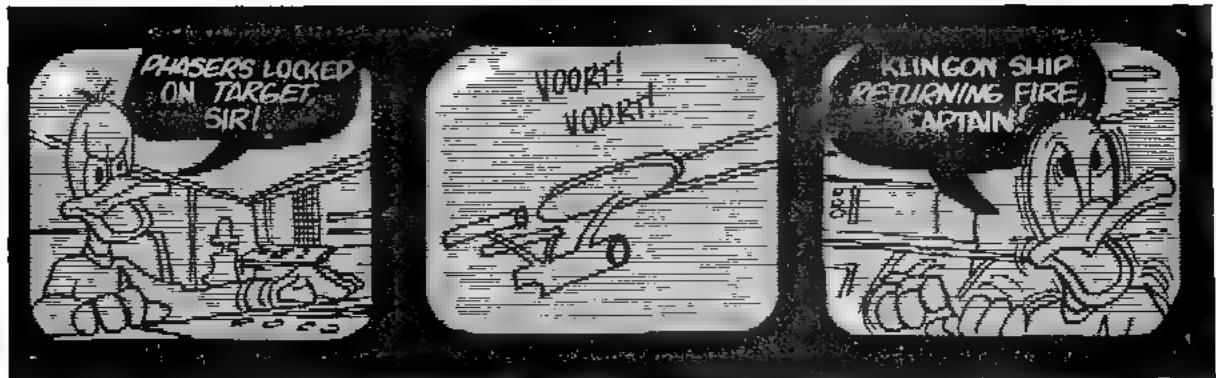


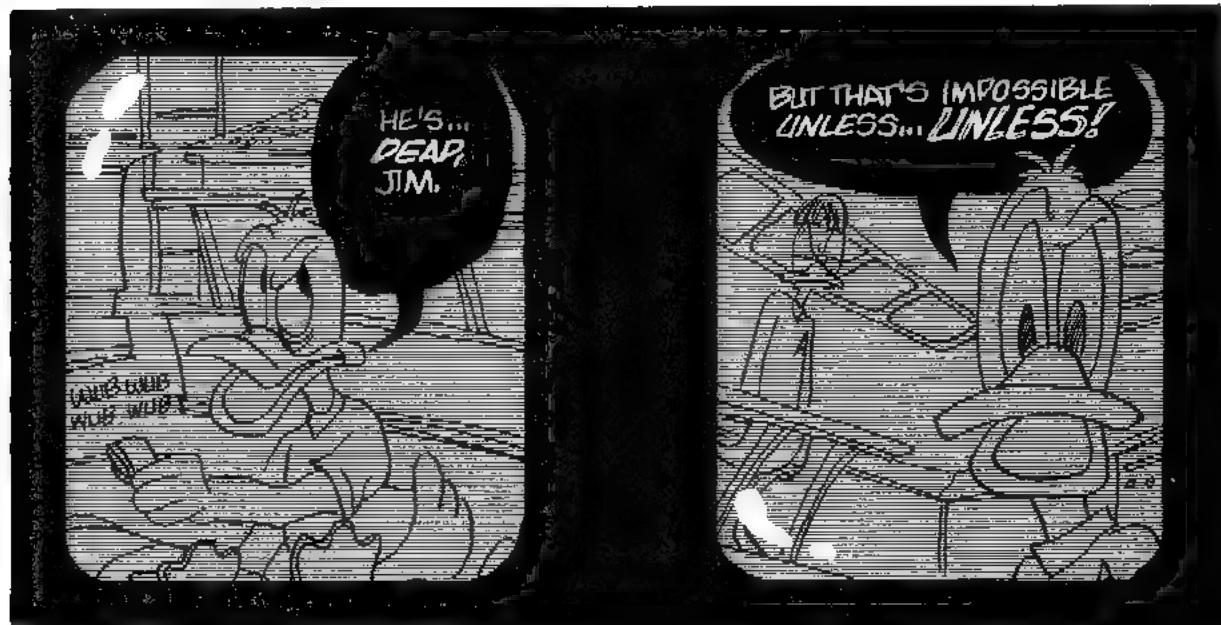
THE BEAVERS

DUCK TREK?
....

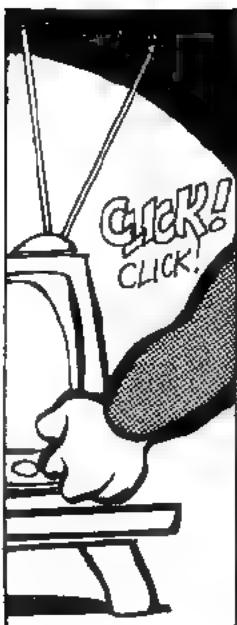
"(29) DUCK TREK -
HIGH-FLYING
ADVENTURES IN
SPACE MARK THIS
MID-SEASON
REPLACEMENT..."

REPLACEMENT?
THAT MEANS THEY
DROPPED THAT POLICE
SHOW, THE
YOUNG DUCKS...









NOW--THE THIRD
PULSE-POUNDING
INSTALLMENT OF...

ON THE SKIDS!®

INTO THE BREACH!

OR: "FOLLOW ME IF Y' GOT TH' BALLS!"

GUEST STARRING: DING DOG DADDY AND DAISY!!

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!!

NO, YOU HAVEN'T MISSED A THING!

THE TIME: NOW!

THE PLACE: WE'RE NOT TELLING.

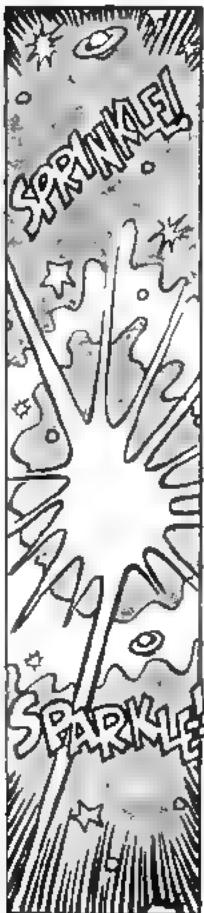
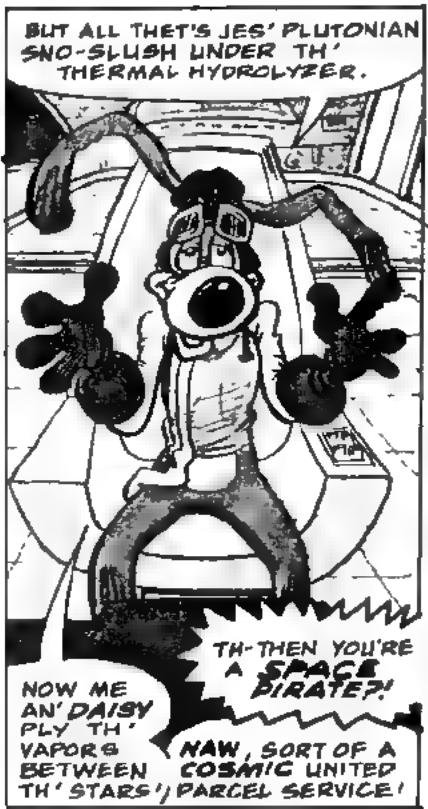
THE ACTION: ABOUT TO BEGIN.



WRITTEN, DRAWN AND LETTERED BY THAT FUNNY ANIMAL, ALAN KUPPERBERG
• CREDIT •















NEXT: TOP BILLING?

FRAID NOT, GUYS, THIS IS THE END!

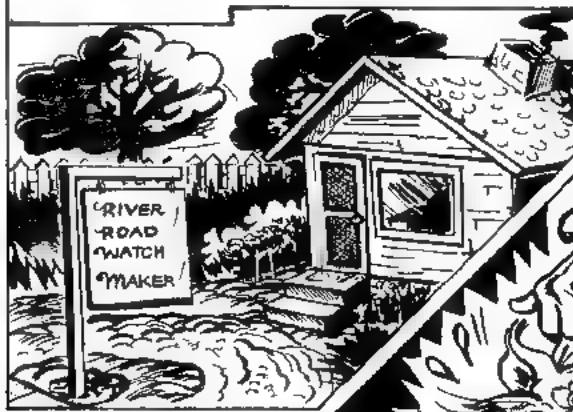
*Tales
of The*

OREGON BOBCAT

BY Dot Bucher © 1976

"BOUNCE ON THE WILD SIDE!"

EUGENE, OREGON --
HOME OF THE RIVER ROAD WATCH
MAKER ...



"... INTO WHOSE SHOP CAME A WILD
CREATURE ONE DAY!

I HEARD YOU WANTED ONE OF THESE...

WHAT?!



Hiss!

WHADDYA MEAN,
"WUNNA THESE"?!
I'M AN ORIGINAL!

"IT WAS ME!
—GINGER! THE OREGON BOBCAT! ROWLF!

"THOUGH THE ALIEN SURROUNDINGS WOULD STRIKE FEAR INTO ANY HEART, I PUT UP A
BRAVE, VALIANT FIGHT!"

OH, DEAR! SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH!
COME OUT, LITTLE ONE!



"THEY SOUGHT TO TAME ME WITH STRANGE
DEVICES!"

Ho-hum. THE BABY'S FOULLED UP IN THE
SHOE-STRINGS AGAIN.

WHAT TRICKERY
IS THIS? gnash
gnash

SOMEBODY
GET HER OUT!

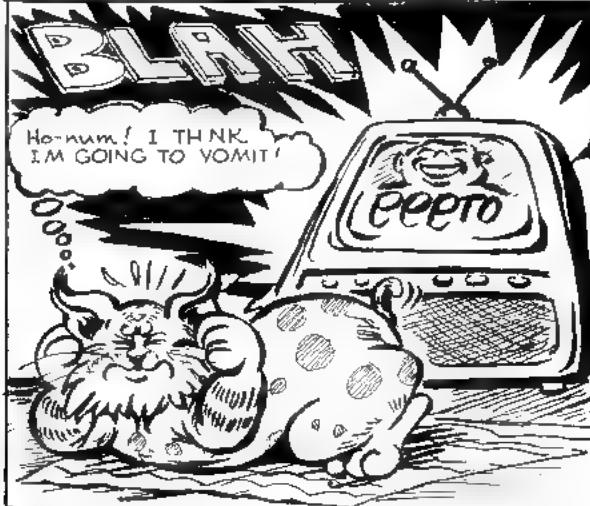
OK BROTHER



"BUT MY NATURALLY STOUT BOBCAT
STRENGTH BORE ME THROUGH FAMINE..."



"... TORTURE, AND RIGOROUS TRAINING..."



"... AND THE EVER-PRESENT DESIRE OF MY CAPTORS TO TAME ME! ... TO TURN THE
WILD HEART INTO A SNIVELING, DOMESTIC LACKEY!"



"ALWAYS I LONGED FOR THE FREEDOM
OF THE GREEN, VERDANT FORESTS



"AND THOUGH THEY BARRED THE WINDOWS
AND LOCKED THE DOORS, ONE DAY I WOULD
STRIKE OUT TO FREEDOM!"

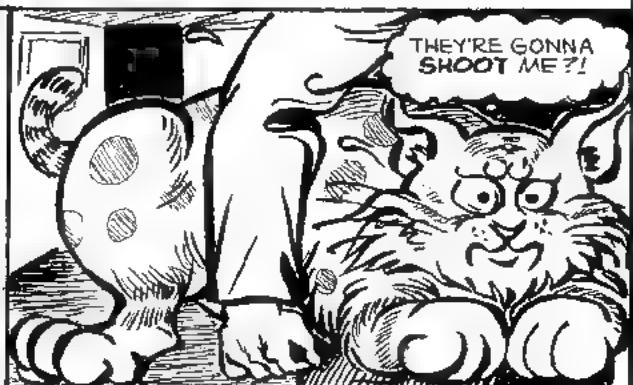


"MEANWHILE I BIDED MY TIME. ADOLESCENCE AND Maturity ARRIVED, GIVING ME STRENGTH AND VITALITY!"

LOOKS A LITTLE PUNY BETTER TAKE HER TO THE VET FOR SHOTS.



"KNOWING I WAS A VALUABLE SPECIMEN OF RUFUS LYNXUS, MY KEEPERs TOOK ME TO THEIR MEDICAL PEOPLE, TO ASSURE MY FUTURE GOOD HEALTH."



"IT WAS IN THAT STRANGE PLACE THAT I ENCOUNTERED MY COMPATRIOTS .. OTHER SOULS IN SLAVERY!"

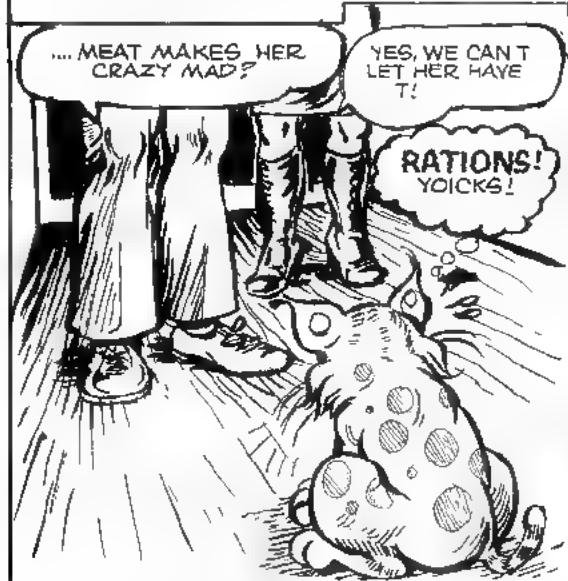


"WHAT A CHANCE! I WOULD ROUSE MY FELLOW CREATURES TO REBEL! ESCAPE! (AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!)





"WHAT MY CAPTORS SAID WAS TRUE, MEAT RESTORES THE FIERCE SOUL TO THE INDIGENT BLOB!"



"THOSE FOLLOWING MONTHS WERE THE MOST TRYING SINCE MY CAPTURE! SEGREGATED FROM RAW FLESH, MY ENERGY LANGUIISHED TO NOTHING!"



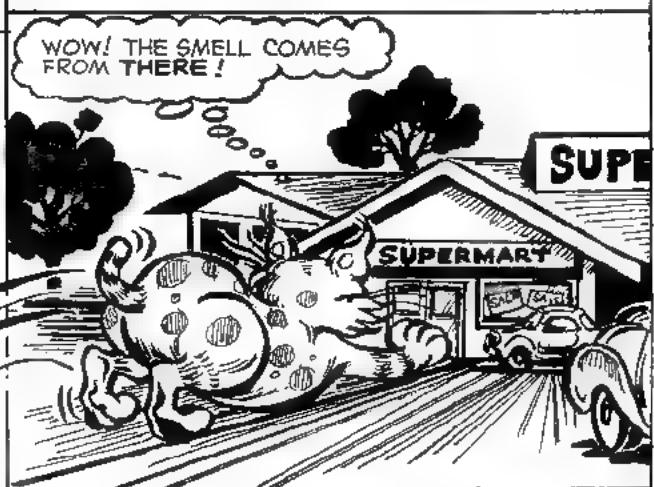
"TIME CRAWLED. ONE DAY I WRAPPED MY PAWS AROUND THE ISUALLY-LOCKED DOORKNOB..."



"...AND I WAS IN LUCK! SOMEONE HAD FORGOTTEN TO LOCK IT!"



"FREEDOM! I HASTENED TO A 'PLACE OF MEAT'!"



"NATURALLY, THE KEEPERS OF MEAT WERE LOATH TO LET IT GO... KNOWING ITS MAGIC PROPERTIES.

© Dot Bucior 1977



*Tales
of The*

OREGON BOBCAT

BY Dot Bucher ©1976

A BOOK ON BOBCATS?



"IN THE WILDS, BOBCATS USE RUNNING STREAMS FOR THEIR TOILETS."



WE DO? I HAVE A CAT BOX!....

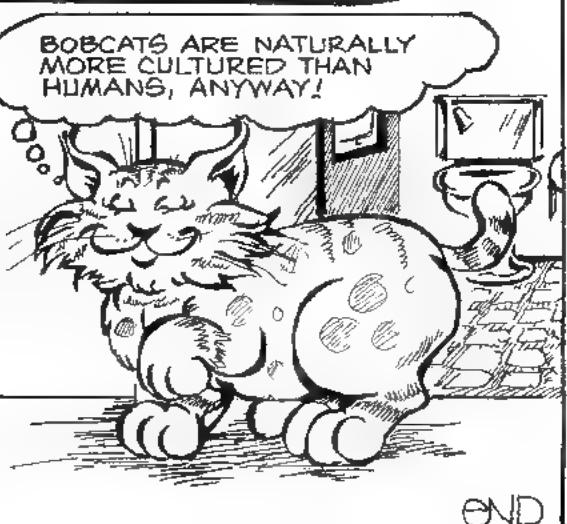
... BUT WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING ...



AHHH! LUXURY!



BOBCATS ARE NATURALLY MORE CULTURED THAN HUMANS, ANYWAY!



END

*Tales
of The*

OREGON BOBCAT

BY Dot Bucher ©1976

GINGER'S DREAMING AGAIN!
WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'M A HAPPY
BOBCAT...

I LIVE
IN THE
FOREST
HILL...

...I'LL BE
HAPPY
STILL!
(sigh!)

IF I STAY
IN THE
FOREST...

Ooh, PHOOEY! NO HAMBURGER
IN THE FOREST! WHAT A DUMB
DREAM!

Ooh! A RABBIT!

BOING!

end

THE WRAITH'S PAL,
**INSPECTOR
MULCHBERRY**

KNOW
WHAT'S TH'
MATTER WITH
FOLKS TODAY,
ACE?

LACK
OF REAL
COMMUNICATION
THAT'S WHAT,
M'BOY.

PEOPLE
JUST SPEND
TOO MUCH
TIME
TALKIN'.



THEY
DON'T SPEND
TIME JUST
LISTENIN' TO
EACH OTHER.

I
MEAN
REALLY
LISTENIN',
Y'KNOW?

ONE
TRACK
MINDS.
Y'KNOW,
ACE?

THEY GET
STARTED ON
SOMETHIN', AND
DUNNO WHEN
TO STOP...

I
MEAN
REALLY
DRAG C
A POI

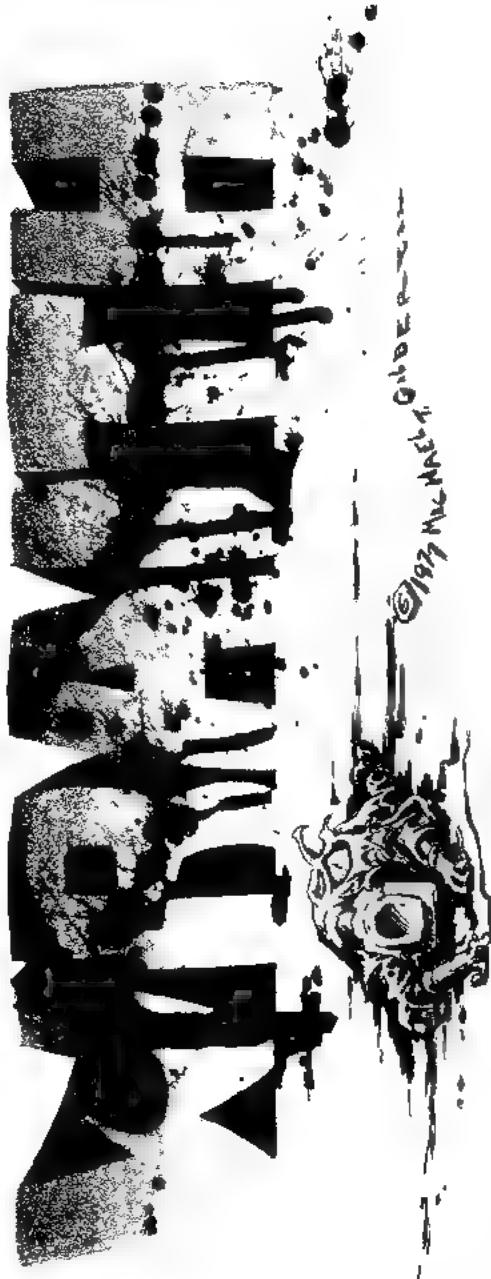


DEATH COMES IN MANY FORMS.

there is the physical;
the CRUSHING AND RENDING OF THE FLESH.



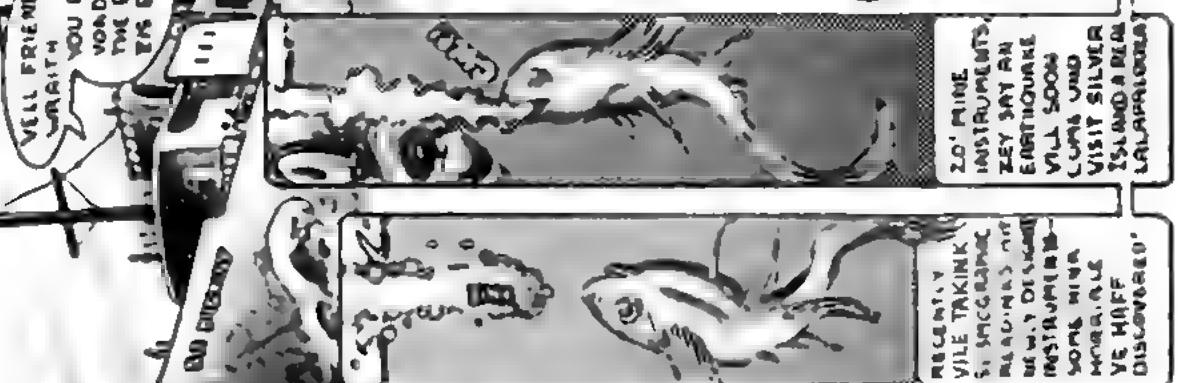
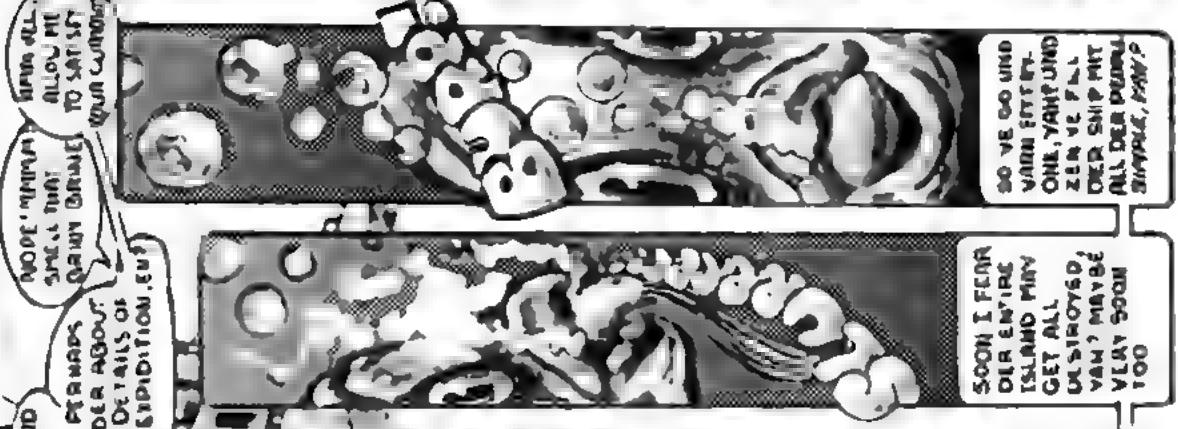
then there are the MORE insidious FORMS;
the TWISTING OF VALUES, THE LOSS OF VISION.



©1971 Michael Goldfarb

AND who is TO SAY which is the MORE TRAGIC?

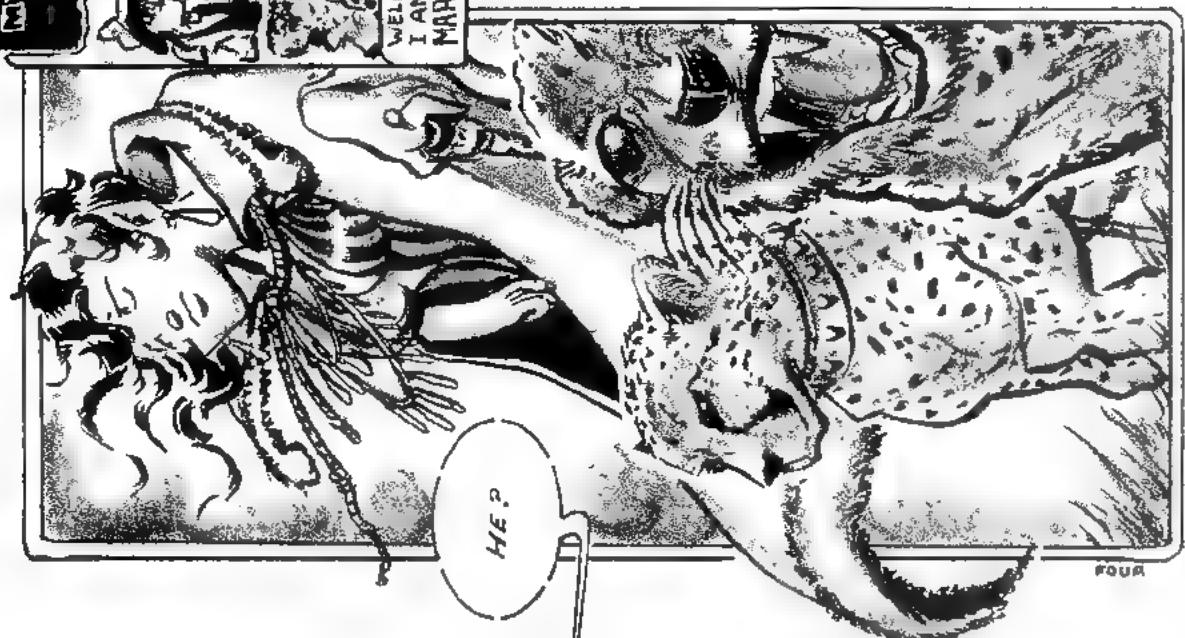
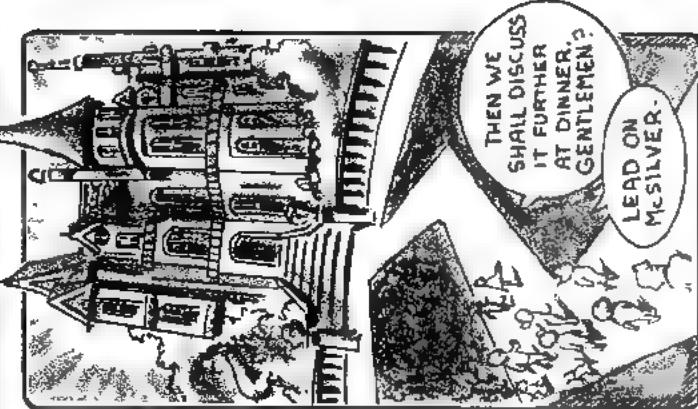




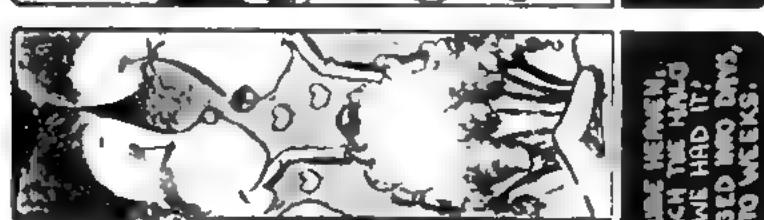
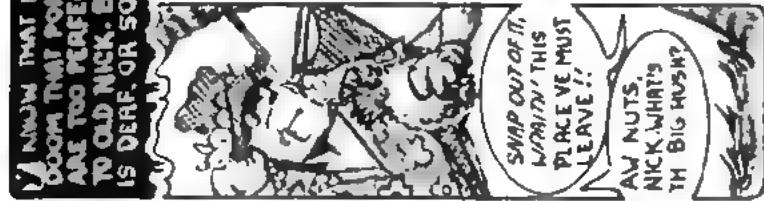
MY HEART STARTED POUNDING. THE BRANDENBURG CONCERTO TO A CALYPSO BERT. JADED ORBS GAZED ON SOME FRESHLY SQUEEZED CONDENSED SUNSHINE. HER NAME WAS MARIA.

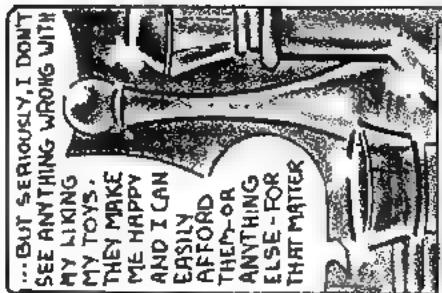


ONLY ONCE HAD I FELT THIS WAY ABOUT
A WOMAN—AND THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO.









GOLD JEWELS ISHINN FURNITURE —
WHATEVER. SHE HAD TO HAVE THE BEST.
SO WHAT I GUESS? WHO WAS I
TO BE PREACHING?



ED SILVER ISLAND BECOMES THE ULTIMATE ACQUISITION. LOTS OF THINGS TO OWN. NICE CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT. NO MESSY X-FACTORS. LIKE PEOPLE, LETS SAY. SAFE. STERILE. UNTIL ME.



WEEKS BECAME MONTHS. SELDOM HAD I INVESTED TIME SO WELL. NICK AND HIS CREW HAD A WORKING VACATION. WHAT THE HELL - SHE WAS PICKING UP THE TAB - RIGHT?



"I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE
THE POINT. SILVER ISLAND
WAS DIVING. BOTH NATIVES
AND CREW FLED TO THE
WAITING SHIP.

EARTH-
QUAKE
HEAD FOR
THE SHIP!

"IF SOMETHING SEEMS TOO
GOOD TO BE TRUE--IT
PROBABLY IS." THAT
SAVING IS ONE OF THE FEW
THINGS IN LIFE THAT'S
NEVER LET ME DOWN.

AH, MARIA!
YOU'RE SO
CUTE WHEN
YOU'RE MAD.

AND YOU'RE
SO OBNOXIOUS
WHEN YOU'RE...

WRAUTH!

WHAT?

THE HELL?

WHAT?

WHAT?

THE HELL?

WHAT?

WHAT?

THE HELL?

WHAT?

WHAT?

THE HELL?

WHAT?

WHAT?

THE HELL?

WHAT?

WHAT?

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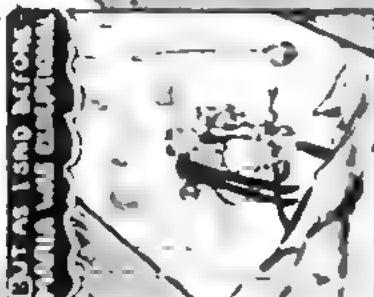
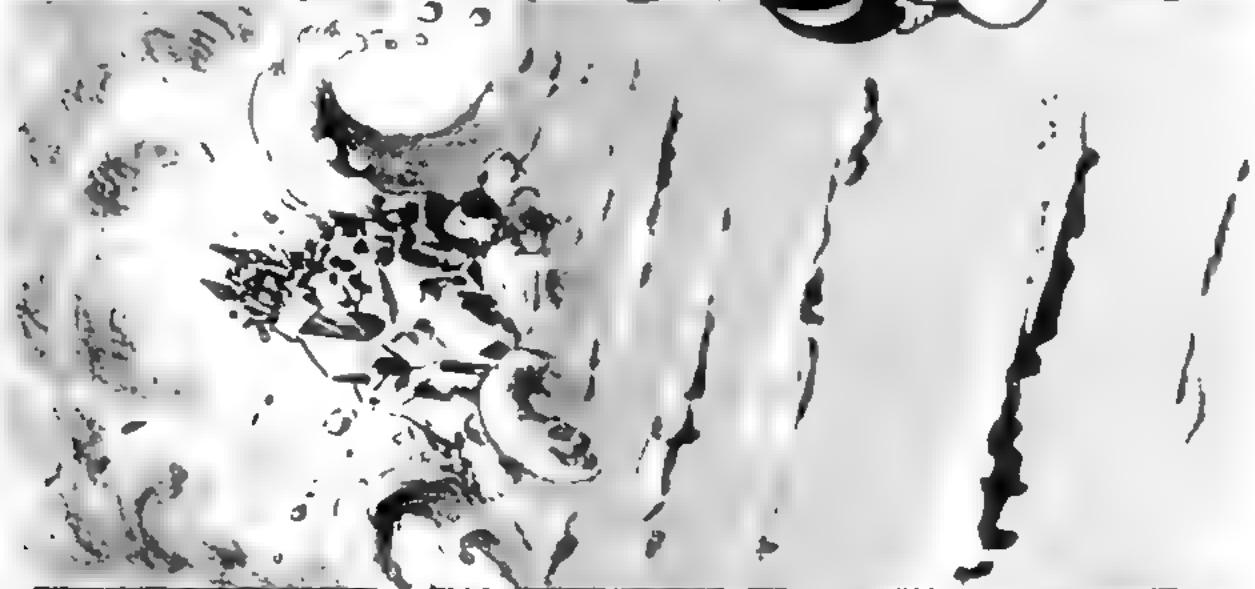
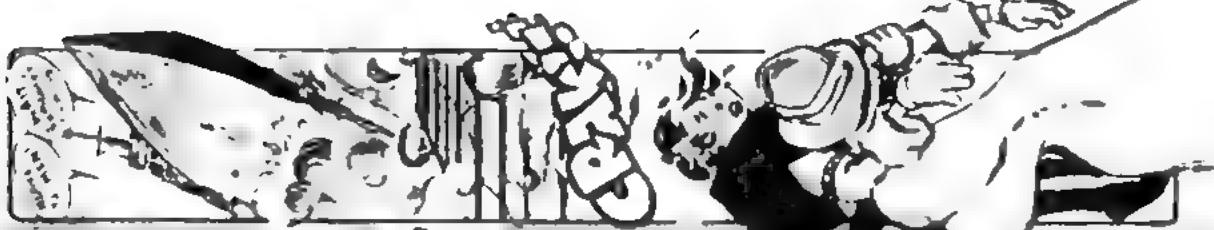
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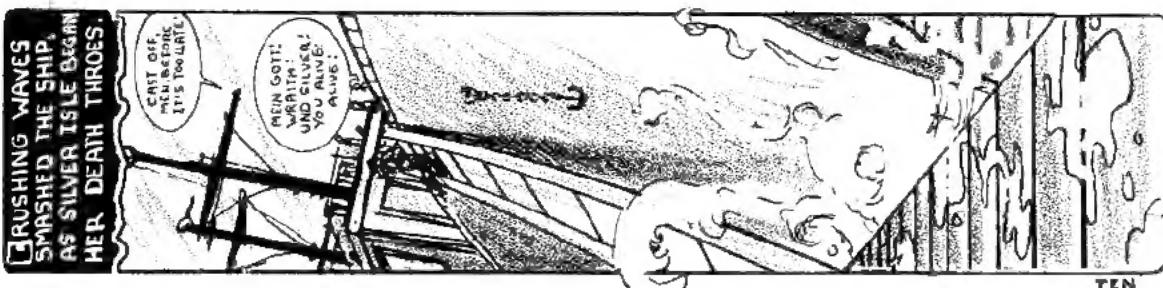
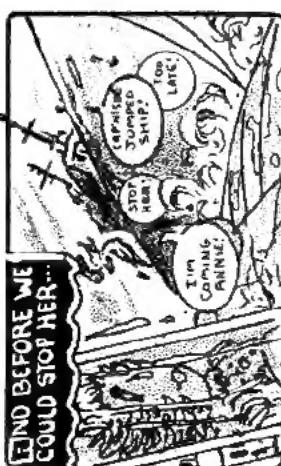
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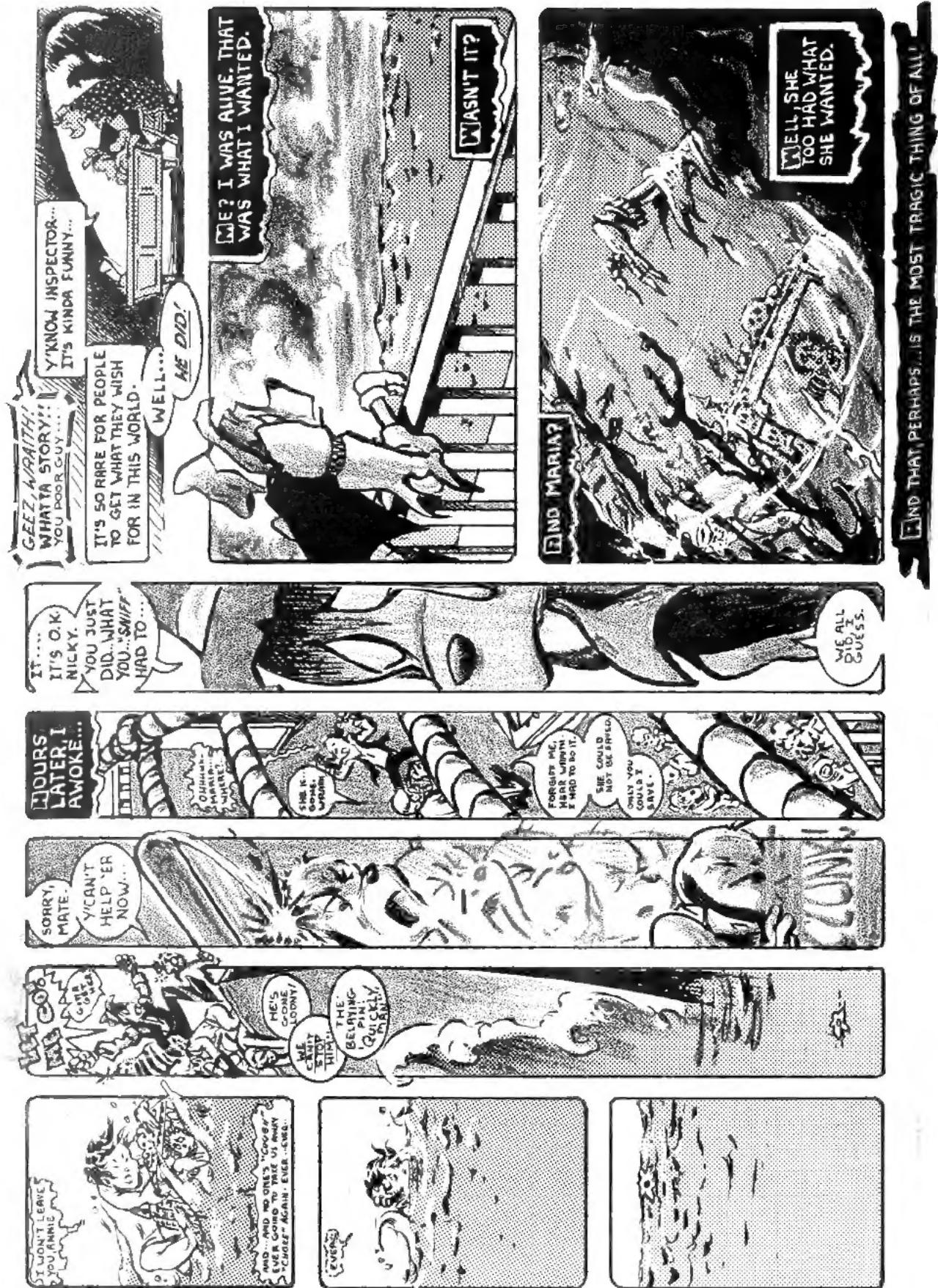
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WHAT?

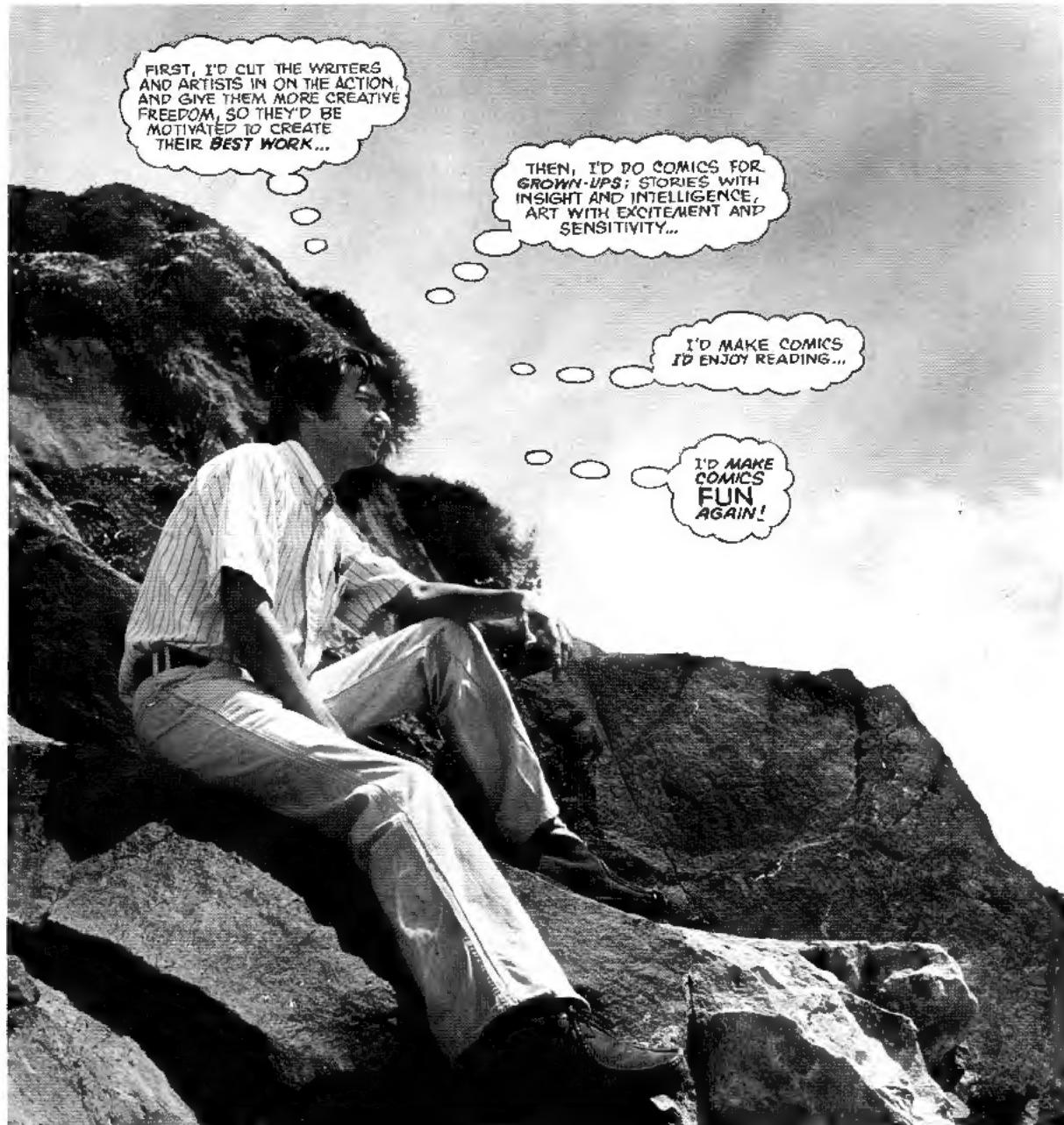
THE HELL?







IMAGINE IF YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



Well, folks,

**STAR*REACH
IS DOING ALL THIS
NOW!**

STAR*REACH No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 \$1.25 (ea.)
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 1-2-3 \$3.00 (set)
QUACK No. 1-2-3-4 \$1.25 (ea.)

PLEASE ADD \$.35 PER COPY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.





"We
are NOT
amused"